



WITHIN THE TEMPLE OF ISIS

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**WITHIN THE TEMPLE OF
ISIS**

**BY
BELLE M. WAGNER**

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Within The Temple Of Isis By Belle M. Wagner.

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CONTENTS

Publisher's Preface

Introduction

Chapter 1. The Revelation Of The Astrologer

Chapter 2. In The Presence Of The Hierophant

Chapter 3. The Midnight Of The Full Moon

Chapter 4. Within The Adytum

Chapter 5. The Transfer

Chapter 6. The Awakening

Chapter 7. A Visit To The Chief Astrologer

Chapter 8. Princess Nu-Nah

Chapter 9. The Initiation

Chapter 10. The Princess' Wedding

Chapter 11. The Retirement

Chapter 12. The Return To A New Life

love that had been kindled in Hermo's heart and soul went out with such intensity that it aroused into a vivid activity the slumbering soul of Sarthia, and the brain, being already so finely tuned to the higher vibrations of the Spirit, responded at once.

The fresh air, the green grass, the beautiful flowers and shrubbery, with the inspiring presence of Hermo, were like magic to quicken the pulsations of body and mind and bring to her cheek and eyes the flush of health and life. Not much of the conversation was directed to Sarthia, but when reference to the stars was made, she instantly inquired, "Brother Hermo, do the stars speak to you, and do you know what they say? Our lovely Priestess here can read them, and how much I would love to speak with them, too."

"I will teach you how some day, my sister, as soon as you are able to commence your studies."

"Will that be soon?"

"Yes, in a short time; so soon as you become an attendant in The Temple of Isis."

Sarthia was silent, and the Priestess reminded them it was time to return,— Sarthia to her room and Hermo to his studies, while the Priestess' presence was required in the Temple.

These walks continued daily with most satisfactory results to the Priestess and the Hierophant. All fears of the perfect harmonizing of the new soul to the body of Sarthia were allayed. The animating spark of life was growing stronger and the vibrations from soul to body were complete; not with consciousness, but that involuntary vibratory exchange that exists with the majority of the people that make up the earth's human family. As only the higher portion of the brain of Sarthia had been active the soul must necessarily manifest itself through those organs. Often, were the much beloved Priestess, Hermo and Sarthia's attendants, surprised at her expressions and profound questions on spiritual subjects.

It was nearing the time when Sarthia was to take her initiatory step as a Vestal in the Temple of Isis. In fact, only one more day intervened before the ceremony was to take place. As the incidents relative to the transfer were known to all the Temple attendants, it was looked forward to with much silent rejoicing and gratitude that they had not been robbed of their lovely Vestal who always was held in sacred esteem by them all.

All had been notified to prepare for the Initiatory service—the music, chants, and ceremonies sacred to this occasion, must be in readiness. The night had arrived; the fair Goddess of the night shone forth in all her radiant splendor, seemingly conscious, that she was shedding forth the magnetic influence necessary for the sacred Rites now about to be performed. It had almost reached the Zenith when the solemn march of the Priestesses, Vestals and attendants that were to conduct Sarthia to the Holy Sanctuary of the Temple started. The Priestess walked beside Sarthia. Sarthia was clothed in pure spotless linen, her head was bare with the exception of a wreath of laurel leaves that rested lightly upon her flowing hair. In her hands she carried a white-bound volume which contained the songs, chants, litany and regime for the Vestals of the Temple.

Just as they reached the door, the High Priest arose, and simultaneously the music burst forth in joyful strains that spoke welcome, courage and love to the heart of Sarthia. When they reached the foot of the altar, where stood the Hierophant, Sarthia knelt upon a velvet cushion at his feet. The music ceased while the High Priest stood with uplifted hands in silent prayer. At a signal, the choir began chanting the Litany. Sarthia was bidden to rise, when the Priest, in measured and solemn tones, addressed her:

"Do you come to pledge yourself to Temple Service? Is it your desire to become a Vestal of Isis? Do you take the pledge of celibacy to the virgin Rites of the Temple; your time, energy and purpose to be devoted to the duties that devolve upon a Vestal?"

The low, clear voice of Sarthia was heard throughout the Sanctuary as she bowed and answered in assent.

"So be it, my holy virgin. I now commit your soul to the Guardian Angels of this Sacred Sanctuary to guide, guard and protect your budding soul to

perfect at-one-ment with its divine center, that you may inherit immortal life while yet with us. Amen!"

Sarthia opened the book within her hands and, kissing its pages which she had already subscribed to, handed it to the High Priest. He took it, and held it in his left, while he placed his right hand upon her head, and said:

"I bid thee welcome, my Vestal Sarthia, and commend thy soul to the Gods above, that ever keep watch o'er the children of earth. God bless thee. Amen! Amen!"

Then, as if they were voicing the words of the Hierophant, the chants grew louder, the music poured forth in grander tones as though to join the invisible hosts above in praise to God most high.

The ceremony was over and Sarthia was conducted back to her chamber, a Vestal of The Temple of Isis. The occult powers that had been evoked in behalf of Sarthia soon became manifest in her daily life. The zeal and zest with which she pursued her studies and the understanding of their interior meanings were sufficient evidence of her teacher's inspiring influence. She was soon placed under her brother Hermo's instruction in astronomical and astrological lore, and here also displayed a proficiency in learning that surprised Hermo and delighted the Astrologer Priests. At Temple Service she was all devotion and, as an Attendant, ever true and faithful. The brother and sister became devotedly attached to each other and the Priestess often observed this attachment, which sent a pang through her heart, lest such joy and happiness might not be granted Hermo for the remainder of his life. Then instantly would she offer a silent prayer that such supreme happiness would be theirs throughout eternity.

CHAPTER 10. THE PRINCESS' WEDDING

The Princess' recovery was very slow, owing to the great depletion of the physical body during her recent illness. Much care and attention were bestowed upon her by her royal friends. All the luxury which wealth alone could procure, and the kindly influences of loving associates were brought to bear to speedily hasten the restoration of their Princess to her former health and spirits. Health was slowly but surely gaining the ascendancy, but the spirits of heart and mind were not of that buoyant, external nature that she formerly displayed.

With her return to health, demands of a social nature were made upon her. She enjoyed pleasures but a seriousness attended her every movement that much annoyed her friends. The attendants and servants were excited to wonder at her kind and thoughtful interests of them—while many thought it was due to her weak physical condition, others remarked, how much the Princess' sickness had improved her. Those that before feared her, now began to love and seek to please and serve her.

Rathunor was a daily visitor, and remembering the advice and instructions of the Hierophant he was calm, silent, and patient in his attentions to her and apparently took no heed of her fancies and strange conversation. She would constantly plan amusements and social entertainments on a grand scale, but with such a seriousness of purpose that it quite annoyed Rathunor at times and caused him to wonder if this was really his former Nu-nah.

While the annoyance came purely from the external, there was an interior attraction that was, irresistibly, holding him spell-bound to her side. His happiness now was greatest when they sat, rode or walked in silence. Little did he dream, while in that silence which so enraptured him, the soul of Nu-nah was blending and drawing the electric life-essence from his own to hers. That interchange was going on wherein there is no robbery, but an inter-blending of the magnetic and electric life-forces that cause to spring into activity the harmonious vibrations of a complete whole, and the reaction upon both brain and the physical organism was health, contentment and happiness that rises above all external cares, sorrows and discords.

Although the soul of the, now known, Princess was highly developed it could find but few responsive echoes from the dormant spiritual organs of the brain. These she must arouse to sensitiveness and action. It was this that gave rise to the peculiar ideas, expressed in her conversation, that so mystified her friends. Visitors soon began to pour in upon her congratulations, presents and invitations to once again enter the gilded salons of fashion and the round of amusements that are the daily life of a favorite Princess. To all she gave a modest, quiet reply, neither accepting nor rejecting their attentions, which left them in wondering doubt at times of her sanity.

In the midst of some grand occasion she would be suddenly missed and on being sought out would be found concealed in some pleasant nook, or even out in the open air, or beside an open window, absorbed in meditation or gazing into the heavens. When her attention was attracted she would start and, with a strange, far-away look in her eyes that would indicate to a superficial observer she had been asleep, would allow herself to be led back and enter the festivities of the hour.

With all their efforts they could not enthuse her with the excitement and merriment surrounding her. But, if any one should become serious and express thoughts that appealed to the interior, she was all attention and the questions that were so ready when such an opportunity afforded showed plainly that, although present in body, the soul and interests were in other realms and spheres than this.

No one but Rathunor could hold her attention for any length of time. With him she was animated, and charmingly beautiful and joyous and would, with some enthusiasm, enter into the pleasantries of the hour which brought to her face the charming attraction of natural beauty. Behind those orbs of vision there seemed to shine forth a light that was more radiant than the gorgeously brilliant illuminations of the salons. Her beautiful face, her perfect form and bearing, made her the center of attraction and she was much sought after. But, as soon as she was induced to leave Rathunor's side, that which made her presence so irresistibly attractive and radiant before, faded out.

Thus time passed on, and as health returned, Prince Rathunor pressed his suit. There was now, no apparent reason why he could not claim his promised bride and make the Princess Nu-nah his own. His more earnest friends cautioned him to wait further developments and, in an undertone, reminded him of the peculiar and unnatural bearing of the Princess at times. They were sure, in time, their once lovely Princess would be herself again. Rathunor listened, knowing their kindly interest sprang from good motives, but he was silent—he could not speak for none would understand. The yearnings of his heart and soul would not be quelled by any outward show.

While to the world Nu-nah was a source of mystical wonder, to Rathunor she was his stay and comfort. He needed no further evidence and assurance of Nu-nah's love for him. Too often had he experienced the response from within to her silent pleadings for light, truth and wisdom. The attraction of the outer world was losing its fascination for him, the longings from within grew stronger and more clamorous for outward expression until, one day, he advanced the subject of astrology to the Princess Nu-nah. For an instant, her whole being was illuminated by that mysterious light—for a single moment the soul arose to the supremacy of the brain and found a faint glimmering expression that was visible to Rathunor's ever-watchful eye.

"Astrology, my Rathunor, fascinates me with its name and the wonders and mysteries it is said to reveal. Do you think those Astrologer Priests of the Temple know whereof they speak, and do they read the stars and gain from them the wisdom they are said to possess?"

Here was the first opportunity to present these sacred subjects to Nu-nah's mind. He tried to think and, feeling that the present excitement of the brain's higher organs, was of a temporary nature, he was really at a loss what to say that would be most effective and impress itself indelibly upon her awakening brain.

"Yes, my dear Nu-nah, I believe they do possess the knowledge they claim and, I also am convinced that much of that wisdom and knowledge is gained through their understanding the laws of astrology. Those celestial bodies in our heavens were not placed there by our Divine Creator without a purpose. I believe they have an influence upon us that can be learned, defined and

utilized by those who study and know this influence through astronomy and astrology. Nu-nah what is that which produces the interior longings to know? Is it not that there is something to know—something that our common brains can not grasp and analyze? Do you not think that silent, yet persistent, monitor which lies concealed somewhere within our being is excited to action from some source other than our outward selves, and that longing to go out must be accounted for by a something without that calls and attracts us to it? May this not be the stars that we see twinkling and motioning to us as we gaze into the midnight heavens?"

He stopped, wondering what the effect of his words would be, when, to his amazement, there appeared a more vivid consciousness in her eyes and features than he had ever seen since her return to physical health and, taking new hope from this manifestation, he continued, "Do you love the social world longer? Is there not that longing, too, within your bosom for something more real, more ennobling than the pastimes of worldly pleasures?"

At the mention of the worldly things, the light from her eyes died out and was gone. Rathunor said no more but silently thanked God that he had for those few moments assisted the soul of Nu-nah to vibrate, too; and had set in motion the vitalizing currents to the spiritual portion of the brain and earnestly prayed that this might be the beginning of many opportunities that were to follow.

Realizing that only he could arouse the dormant organs of her spiritual brain, he became more anxious than ever to have her constantly in his company. He again pressed his suit and the day for the wedding-nuptials was to be at once submitted to the Astrologer.

Rathunor again sought the Astrologer Priest for advice. He wished to know when the stars would point most favorably toward such a momentous event. This, the Astrologer was not long in finding out and soon conveyed the news to Rathunor that at an early date such might be consummated. As the Prince arose to go the Priest took his hand and said, "My child, in taking the Princess Nu-nah as your wife, you obey the holy intuitions of the soul and not only will you be united in soul but in body and mind. I wish you the

eternal bliss that attends all who are truly mated. Farewell, my child; my blessings go with you."

Rathunor was too much absorbed in other things to understand the mysterious words of the Priest, but notwithstanding this the seed had been again sown that would sometime spring up unannounced and unexpected.

The announcement of the wedding was soon made and invitations sent out, far and near. Congratulations poured in from every source, although some would have refused, had they been true to their own sentiments, for the remarkable and unaccountable change which had taken place during her terrible malady was too evident to be altogether right and should be righted before the Prince should make the Princess his wife.

Rathunor was satisfied, never forgetting the Hierophant's sacred words, and none other need be consulted. In their silent hearts they wished the wedding might be private and the holy ceremony of the Temple be performed by the High Priest. This, of course, could not be owing to the station and position they occupied in life, for the lives of a Princess and Prince are not wholly their own, so to the public they must bow and pay obeisance.

Preparations for the wedding commenced at once, for it was to be a grand affair. Nothing was to be spared that would add beauty and grandeur to the occasion. Extravagant expenditures were indulged in, until money seemed at a loss to supply more. The trousseau was exquisitely magnificent and, on the wedding night, the beaming radiance of the countenance of the Princess was neither dimmed by the rich silks, nor the rare, priceless laces and lovely jewels that glittered and sparkled with the living spark of life within them, that adorned her form.

Never a bride so fair; never a couple so happy. It was that quiet, subtle happiness, which permeates the very atmosphere about them and leaves its traces in every susceptible heart that breathes it.

CHAPTER 11. THE RETIREMENT

After the wedding the Prince and Princess were, from necessity, drawn within the whirl of social pleasures with attentions in the way of entertainments, court suppers, balls, drawing-room receptions, etc. The interior longings were compelled to creep into the background until the external was gratified to exhaustion. The Princess' seriousness departed for a time and they were very happy in the round of pleasures that were planned for them. But as time sped on they began to grow weary of the show, pomp and shallowness of external life. The seeds that had been sown in Rathunor's heart and brain, and that which he had aroused in Nu-nah's slumbering, spiritual organs of her brain, had taken root and now began to spring forth into activity, first as weariness of the superficial pleasures of society, then a desire to gradually withdraw from this life into a more quiet and secluded one, where they might listen to the inner voices and gain pleasure, as well as knowledge, from this source.

The Prince anxiously awaited another opportunity for speaking to Princess Nu-nah on spiritual subjects. The Hierophant had given him to understand that at no distant day Nu-nah would become interested in spiritual things and be his teacher. He had not been made aware of the transfer—that was to be revealed to him by Nu-nah herself. He had begun to wonder how and where Nu-nah's spiritual awakening would take place when an opportunity presented itself in a most unexpected manner.

One lovely evening they were taking a stroll about the grounds of their castle, when the full Moon arose in a flood of light, it rose higher, fuller, until the whole world seemed bathed in her magical beauty and in order to longer enjoy her light and magnetic influence the Prince suggested a longer walk. Unconsciously they chose the path that led them towards the Temple, which was only a short distance from their home. As they neared the Temple distant strains of music attracted their attention. They listened, and it seemed to speak in the plaintive tones of a hungry soul; they hastened their steps until they had quite reached the private grounds of the Temple of Isis, Nu-nah was in advance of Rathunor, being irresistibly drawn by some

invisible power, when she suddenly stopped and clasping his arm, as within a vice, cried out, "My Rathunor, do you hear that music; what is it? I have heard it before, but where, O, where? How came I to know the chants and music of the Temple Service?"

They were held spell-bound to the spot, when the Prince was warned, by the trembling and the gradual loosening of Nu-nah's hand upon his arm, to quit the spot at once. The Prince placed his arm about her waist to support her as he urged their return home, but she stood immovable apparently chained by the magical power of some invisible force.

Stronger grew the mystical power of the spell until the Princess seemed compelled to rush madly on and into the Temple, if the Prince had not held her back in a firm grasp, and at the same time trying to attract her attention by his words. "Come, my darling, let us retrace our steps and as we walk I will tell you all I know about what you have heard."

"O, my Rathunor, speak to me quickly before I have time to forget. I can not remember this long, yet it as a recurrence of a vivid dream. Tell me while I am awake, where I have been. I saw, and felt, and know I was there—there in the Sacred Sanctuary of that Temple. O, that I might go again and remain there forever to listen to that enchanting music and the solemn heavenly voices of that choir."

A quiver ran through her whole frame and with a mournful cry she fell fainting in the arms of Rathunor. Here his innate born courage and bravery sustained him, and instantly there flashed into his mind the words he had once heard the High Priest use while passing his hands over an insensible form. So, gently laying her inanimate body upon the grass, he repeated in slow, but firm and commanding tones these words:

"Return, O soul, to thy physical body. Return, I command thee, and reanimate this lifeless tenement of your soul. Come, come, I command thee, come."

Scarcely had the last words been uttered when a movement of the hands and limbs announced to Rathunor the return of life. She was soon able to rise and, being supported by the Prince, they slowly wended their way back

to the castle. She walked as in a dream, but as her step was stately and firm, the Prince did not become alarmed until he had her safe in her room, when the extent of the occurrence dawned upon him and then he hurriedly called her maid and sent at once to dispatch a servant for their physician. Nu-nah had become quite herself before the Doctor came and after he had administered a little palliative, withdrew saying, "The Princess will soon be well. It was only the result of fatigue induced by the constant excitement of social pleasures."

The Prince was silent and, seeing the Princess was so comfortable, he retired to his own apartments with strict injunctions, he should be notified at once if any symptoms of the prostration should appear. When once within his private chamber he threw himself down in a chair and fell into a profound study. Over and over he reviewed the incidents of the evening. "What was there in that music that so enchanted Nu-nah? What did she see and hear that revived a faint memory of something in the past? What magical force was it that drew her so irresistibly toward the Temple? What produced that quiver which preceded her falling insensible into his arms?"

He was half inclined to blame the Priests for it all, for he knew something of the power of magic and its psychologic effect. The more he reasoned the farther he wandered from a solution. Now he mused, "If that had been the beautiful Vestal, Sarthia, I could understand why she would be so powerfully attracted to the Temple, but Nu-nah, who had never entered the Holy Sanctuary except for those sacred Rites that are administered to all who are supposed to be bordering on the land of the spiritual world; only those two nights, to his knowledge, had she ever been in the Sacred Sanctuary; there was something in those ceremonies that he had not as yet understood; there must have been some mystical, magical power employed to restore the frail, feeble, unconscious Nu-nah to life and health and, to him."

He thought and reasoned until his brain was on fire, and still no solution of the mystery was presented to his understanding.

"Well," he at last exclaimed, so loud that he startled himself, "I will have to accept it as a mystery and patiently wait time's own pleasure for the explanation."

He began to prepare for retiring, but he could not calm himself—a restlessness took possession of him that he could not quell; he walked the floor, tried to read, and resorted to many ways to restore his tranquillity, but all in vain.

"I must see my Nu-nah once more before I can sleep," and, hurriedly readjusting the clothing he had removed, he repaired to the Princess' private room. A gentle knock brought the attendant to the door.

"Is the Princess quiet and sleeping," he inquired in a whisper.

"No," answered the servant. "She is awake and feeling well, and just now remarked, that if she thought you were not sleeping she would have you called for she had something she wished to tell you."

His presence was at once made known to the Princess, and, with a low cry of delight, she called him to her side. A signal sent the attendant from the room, when the Princess began, "My Rathunor, my beloved husband, I am so glad you came. I have something to tell you that I might forget before morning. To-night, when we came within the sound of the music in the Temple, I felt as if I left my body and you, and by some unknown power was drawn into the Sacred Sanctuary. I saw the High Priest, the lovely Mother Priestess, the Vestals, the choir and musicians, all earnestly engaged in some holy ceremony. The music, the heavenly spiritual influence of the atmosphere, the exquisite fragrance of incense and perfumes, with the purity reflected by the Vestal attendants, so enraptured and enthralled me that the thought that I would ever have to leave its sacred boundaries caused me to lose consciousness and, when I awoke, you were bending over me."

Seeing a strange look in Rathunor's eyes and interpreting it to mean jealousy, she continued, "but that was not all, my Rathunor; you were there, too, for awhile. I tried to keep you, but could not—something drew you away from me and I, for an instant, suffered the same pangs that are torturing your heart now. I thought you would rather go than stay, and a feeling of jealousy entered my heart, but the strange fascination of the place was more to me at that instant than you, my Rathunor, so I longed to stay

but could not. I have been trying to think what it all means. You must help me for already I feel the memory of the event passing away."

She ceased speaking, and in a few moments was fast asleep. The Prince kissed the hand he held, then gently laid it by her side and quietly left the room fully conscious that the mystery had been partially revealed, and that now the Princess would sleep for the rest of the night. After returning to his rooms he again flung himself into an easy chair determined to seriously think and arrive, that night, at some immediate steps to take his Nu-nah from the excitement she had been subjected to for so long, so that a recurrence of the sad event might not be repeated. Before another Sun arose the Prince had decided upon his future course. "I will take Nu-nah away, ostensibly on a long tour of the country for pleasure. Aye, for pleasure, but not the kind we have submitted to since our marriage."

The next morning, as soon as the Princess could see him, he requested her presence at once. He met her at the door and with a loving inquiry as to her health, led her to an easy chair beside the open window where the rays of the morning Sun could fall upon her as they penetrated the delicate lace which hung at the window. Drawing a chair to her side he began to unfold his plans, at the same time watching every motion and expression of the face to see what effect they would have upon her. She did not betray her thoughts until he said his object was not so much for travel as to retire to some quiet, pleasant nook, where they could be excluded from the world, and those they knew, for awhile, and instead of spending their time in the superficial pleasures of the world they could enjoy each other's society and learn something about the invisible mysteries that surrounded them.

When the motives of his plans were mentioned a perceptible change flashed across her countenance and a light appeared in her eyes that he had not seen for some time and, by the time he had finished, her whole face was beaming with an inward delight, that urged the Prince to further reveal the plans that he had laid during his midnight reasonings. The Princess raised not a single exception to his schemes but, on the contrary, entered into them with a zest that surprised even the Prince.

"O, to be alone, Rathunor, where we could think and study that which we choose has been the longing of my very soul these many weeks; can not we go at once, to-day if possible." She felt she could not wait the necessary time for the preparations to be made.

There was a duty toward their friends that must be fulfilled. The devoted attentions that had been showered upon them for so long must not be ignored. So, it was decided to give a farewell reception, before taking their departure for an indefinite stay in strange lands.

Accordingly invitations were issued to a grand state occasion, when the Prince and Princess would bid their friends and associates Farewell. Ah! farewell. Little did those who were of that brilliant assembly dream, as they clasped the hands of the Princess and Prince in cordial and sincere good-by, that it was indeed a Farewell to all. Neither did they conceive for a moment what those Farewells meant to the Princess and Prince. It was hard for them to conceal their happiness as every minute of time brought their departure nearer, and what their guests took for the happiness of their presence, was really induced by the thoughts of the future.

They were soon off and we can only follow them in thought for a time. Let those thoughts be kind, for, knowing thoughts are potent, send them out lovingly toward the awakening mind of Princess Nu-nah.

CHAPTER 12. THE RETURN TO A NEW LIFE

Several years have elapsed since we bade our Prince and Princess farewell. Only at long intervals had they communicated with their friends. The outer world had almost forgotten them, but not so with the Hierophant and the Priestess of the Temple. Daily, had their prayers gone in behalf of their souls' welfare. Although not in communication with them in body they were in spirit, and from this source they knew all was well. The High Priest, in his astral visits, could see the growing power of the soul over the slowly-evolving brain of the Princess, and with the electric soul-force, the great nourisher and renewer of life, though unconscious to him, the rounding out was fast nearing completion of the soul's mastery over the brain and body of Nu-nah.

They had settled in distant lands, near a little country village that lay just at the foot of the mountains. It was made up of the simple peasantry, where life was free from cant, suspicions, criticism and morbid curiosity. Here they could live and follow the bent of their minds, undisturbed and unobserved if they so wished. They kept their identity unknown yet the villagers knew from the Princess' delicate beauty of form and features she belonged to some noble family and station in life, but her kind, thoughtful bearing towards them won their love and esteem at once, and equally did they esteem the Prince for he was ever lavish with his money and attention to those who appealed to him for assistance. The mountains soon became their favorite resort. Long walks were taken daily, and rests made in the quiet nooks on the mountain side. One place particularly, became a very dear retreat to them, for never did they stop there but that some inspirations were born. It was here that Nu-nah took her first lesson from Rathunor; it was in this sacred spot that Rathunor gently but cautiously revealed to her the Initiatory Rites of the Temple that had been performed over her unconscious body. This excited an intense curiosity, if not deep interest, in Nu-nah's mind. She began to question and think and, as she thought, there came a vague, glimmering memory of the past, and when Rathunor would inquire the cause of her almost unconscious moods, she

The Return to a New Life, was hailed with joyful welcomes from all of the Attendants of the Temple. Rathunor and Nu-nah soon passed the ceremonial Rites of the Temple and none were more faithful in their efforts and studies than these new-born children—the especial care of the High Priest and the Priestess.

We leave them here, wishing them the progress, the happiness and that Divine Peace and Understanding that comes to all Perfected Souls. God be with them.
